

# THE QUIVER

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(Drawn by GEORGE THOMAS.)

"'You have had your answer,' I said."—P. 467.

## AUNT PHOEBE'S STORY.

BY K. S. MACQUOID.

JESSIE BEEVOR stood leaning against the dresser in her aunt's cottage, with a very decided frown on her fair, pretty face, a face that seemed as if a smile would fit it better; a cheerful, happy countenance, with sunny hair, a broad, low forehead, and sweet brown eyes. There was a singular likeness between the petulant girl of eighteen, and the delicate woman of forty,

who while she went on washing up her teacups, stole a look every now and then at Jessie, only it seemed that Phoebe Hawirey's beauty must have always had more of refinement in it. Strangers who caught a glimpse of the remarkable face, bending over her flowers at the window, asked who lived in the little corner cottage in West Acre Lane, and looked surprised to hear it was only Phoebe, the carpenter's daughter. The carpenter was dead, and his wife too. His eldest daughter had married Ned Beever, the blacksmith of Shireburn, and Phoebe, the youngest, had just enough to live on by herself in the corner cottage with the honeysuckle over the porch. She did clear-starching for those of the neighbouring gentry not rich enough to keep a laundry, to gain a little surplus to help her poorer neighbours with, rather than from need.

"What ails ye, child?" she said, when the silence had lasted a little longer.

"You know"—the rosy cheeks flushed scarlet, and the bright eyes filled full of hot angry tears—"Aunt Phoebe, I thought I'd get comfort from you; I saw mother telling you all about it last night; it's shameful! she says Paul has six strings to his bow!" She burst out crying.

"Jessie"—the girl looked up and wiped her eyes—"it's because ye want to go to Anster Fair with Paul Lewin, isn't it?"

Jessie nodded—she was still sobbing.

"Do you want to go to the fair with Paul, lass, because ye love him, or that ye're proud of being seen with such a tall, fine young fellow?"

"I don't know," said Jessie.

"Would ye be content to bide at home if Paul might stay along with ye?"

"I should think not, indeed!" with a toss of the fair head.

Phoebe sighed.

"Don't!" said Jessie, petulantly. "Aunt, I'd never have come down if I'd not thought you'd have taken my part. I don't care much for Paul. Oh, aunt, I've heard you were always to be seen everywhere, why should I be buried out of sight? Mother says she wants me to get married; I shan't find a husband in the forge, and I don't want to be an old maid;" and then conscience-stricken Jessie looked at the sweet patient face, and the frown left her own.

"I beg your pardon, aunt dear;" and she held up her mouth to be kissed.

"Jessie, I've a mind to tell ye a story," said Phoebe, smiling, "would ye care to hear how it came about that I never married?"

"Mother says no one was good enough for you, because you were so pretty."

"It wasn't that, though I was vain enough, lass, at one time. Sit ye down, child, the story won't be over just in a minute." She drew her hand

slowly over her face, and rested her chin in its palm.

"I was about your age, Jessie. I might have had the love of a good man. I'll call him Thomas, he's left the village, but I've no right to make the sorrow I gave him public. He hadn't spoken to me, but I knew what he meant. I thought myself far too good for him, but I liked to be joked about him. You know where grandfather used to live?"

Jessie nodded.

"Well, I was standing at the top of that broken flight of steps that leads into the lane under the big yew-trees: it was grandfather that shaped the trees round like an arch, they used to go straight across from side to side. Well, as I stood idling my time I saw some one coming up the lane; a tall, handsome young fellow with a bright sun-burnt face, there was something in his look that made me sure he was a sailor. He stopped and asked me to be so kind as to tell him the way to Bramley.

"I'd never seen any one so handsome, Jessie. No one ever spoke to me in such a worshipping way before. It seemed just like one of the stories I'd read, against mother's will, in a penny newspaper that I'd found round a parcel. I told him the way, and then he went on, though I stood watching him. He looked back often.

"I had been vain enough before, What I grew to be after this, Jessie, I should not tell you if I could. As it is, I'm talking of myself more than is good for me."

Phoebe sighed.

"One evening I'd been drinking tea with your mother. She'd not long been married, and she was anxious to see me as happy as she was herself. She'd asked Thomas to drink tea with us. My head was full of the handsome sailor, and I was cold and capricious all the evening."

"I must go now," I said to your mother; and I put on my bonnet. Thomas had gone with your father, to look at something in the yard. At the corner where the lane turns from the road, I found Thomas waiting. I tried to pass; but he stopped me.

"Phoebe, you must let me walk home with you this evening."

"It was still broad daylight, and he could see how unwilling I looked. He walked beside me, without speaking. His voice had sounded so firm and determined, that I had felt a little afraid of him.

"Presently he began again. 'Phoebe, you know quite well what I have to say; you have known it a long time. Maybe I ought to have spoken sooner; but I felt uncertain, I feel so still. Will you be my wife?'

"For an instant I felt a soft pity for Thomas; he saw this, no doubt, in my face. We were in the

lane quite alone, and he took my hand and drew it under his arm.

"This brought my pride back; I pulled my hand away.

"You behave very strangely," I said, in a scornful tone; "I must love the person I marry, and I never could love you."

"I walked up the lane fast, but he overtook me.

"I was blundering," he said, humbly; "I ought to have asked leave to win you; I do ask it now, Phoebe."

"There was such a sad earnestness in his voice; but before I could answer, I heard speaking close by. I looked up. Looking over the hedge I saw my father and the stranger who had asked the way to Bramley.

"I seemed to grow mad with impatience.

"You have had your answer," I said; "I never say no when I mean yes."

"I did not look at him; I was at the foot of the steps, full of shy, flattering vanity.

"This is my daughter Phoebe, Mr. Stacey," said father.

"Mr. Stacey never said a word about having seen me before; he'd come from London to look for country lodgings. Mother said there were none to be had in Shireburn; however, he'd got the soft side of father, and he found him a lodging at Pratt's that same evening.

"By the time I'd been an hour with Charles Stacey, I knew I liked Thomas best, and yet I fought against the feeling, it pleased my vanity more to be with one than with the other. Thomas never offered to take me anywhere, but Mr. Stacey was always finding out some amusement for me. Mother interfered as much as she could, but I would not listen. At last some of the gossips spoke to father. He came into the garden one day quite angered.

"Phoebe," he said, "go indoors; I've a word to say to Mr. Stacey."

"I loved Stacey now, Jessie, with all the heart I had to love any one, and he was always talking about his love for me; but he had not asked me to marry him, and I sat in the kitchen trembling, for I thought father was going to be rude, and that perhaps I should never see Stacey again.

"To my surprise they both came in smiling.

"Father took hold of my hand. 'There she is, my lad,' he said, 'and when you come home from next voyage, she shall be yours altogether, if she likes.'

"Stacey kissed me, and so did father, and then I ran away to my room and cried. I was happy, but it seemed to me that my consent was taken too much for granted.

"At supper I said this to father. Stacey had gone away early.

"Father pushed up his glasses, and looked first at me, then at mother.

"From what I hear," he said, "you've been wrong-headed and wilful, Phoebe. Your name has got coupled with Stacey's. You know best whether you wish to marry him; but he shall marry you, or I'll know the reason why."

"I thought father unkind; but I wanted to be Charles's wife, so I did not take this scolding to heart. When I met Stacey the next afternoon, I thought him grave and quiet.

"So you could not trust me," he said; "my love would be just as true, Phoebe, without a promise."

"I said nothing to father, Charles, and you've made me no promise."

"That's true," he said; and then we walked on. But that was a very silent walk, Jessie—it was up Oak Lane, where the road has been hollowed out, and the great tree-roots hang in all manner of twisted shapes on each side. I remember the rabbits came out of their holes, and scrambled across the path in front of us.

"I came home less happy than usual. However, the next few days were as bright as ever; Charles had to join his ship at the week's end, and so we made the most of them. Mother seemed to have grown fond of him now, and she never tried to keep me at home.

"He went, and I fretted till I grew ill—ill and thin and weak. You've been wondering what had become of Thomas all this while. I suppose I tell things as they seemed to me at the time, and Thomas kept out of sight, so I never thought about him. Mother pitied me, but after a bit she got tired of my idle ways. I'd stop up late looking at the moon, and fancying I saw all manner of things in her; and then lie a-bed o' mornings till my head ached.

"Phoebe," she said one day, "when you were born, I thought you'd be a blessing to me; but I've lived to doubt that."

"Her voice had a sad touch in it that set my heart quivering; I put my arms round her. 'I'll do better,' I said; 'you'll see I will, mother.'

"Well, I did; I fought as hard as I could; but my love grew every day; it seemed as if I cared only for what put me in mind of Stacey. I'd got one letter from him, and I used to read that over till I knew it by heart, and then still I read it to see the writing.

"Sometimes I saw Thomas, but he never spoke to me.

"The year passed over. One day—a bright summer day like this, Jessie—I mind now how the white roses were all in their beauty; mother and I had brought our needlework, and were sitting in the doorway, and father sat on the garden bench spelling a newspaper he'd got from the 'Fox'—it was some days old, and he read us out bits of news I'd heard already.

"'Hallo, Phœbe,' he called out, 'here's news.'

"I was looking over his shoulder in an instant. He pointed out the place with his finger, but the lines all danced about; it was a minute or so before I read that the *Niger*—that was Stacey's ship—was safe at Portsmouth.

"My heart on a sudden fell like lead, Jessie, from the joy which had lifted it up. Stacey must have been home a good week, and he had neither come to Shireburn nor written to me.

"But father seemed not to have heeded this; he gave me a kiss, and said he supposed he must have a new coat for the wedding; and then he took up the paper and was going back to the 'Fox' with it.

"'Just let me look once more,' I said.

"Father stroked my hair as I stooped down to read.

"'Goldilocks,' said he. When I was little, Jessie, I got the name from the flower you mind in the fir-wood.

"Somehow, I shrank into myself; it seemed as if the glory and pride of my hair and of my good looks was taken away.

"I suppose I looked strange standing so still there—under the yew-trees—just where father left me. Ah, yes, and I was thinking too, just where Stacey had left me on that sunshiny morning a year ago.

"'What is it, child?' mother said.

"'I'm dazed like, it's come so sudden,' and I made an excuse to go indoors.

"A week passed on, and no word from Stacey. And what made his silence harder to bear was the village talk, Jessie. Father had gone to the village that day full of his news; and I was questioned and wished joy, till I hardly knew how to keep a calm face in answer; my heart felt as if it must break. It seemed to me he might be dead, left behind in the great sea, and I should never—never have the love I had so longed for.

"Mother got anxious too; I knew it by the tender, pitiful way she spoke; but she was timid, was mother, and she shrank from open speaking.

"When the week's end came, I had got desperate. Mother and I were in the kitchen; I was doing up one of her caps; the lace stuck to my fingers, and I couldn't make two flutings alike. I scorched it badly at last, and I set down the gauffering-iron, and burst out crying. Then mother spoke in a sudden, new way to me, a way which took me back, lass, to times when I used to bring her home cowslip posies from the meadows.

"'Leave work, Jessie darling; come and sit ye down by mother, and tell what ails ye.' And there I was sitting on my little stool at her knee hiding my face in her lap. She let me sob on, and then she whispered—

"'Ye want to know the rights o' this, lass, and so do I; I'm thinking of going to London.'

"I left off sobbing in wonder. Mother, who had never been farther than Guildford in her life!—mother, who rarely ventured to set up an opinion of her own against father or me.

"'Yes, dear; one is going up to-morrow as 'ull take charge o' yer mother, Phœbe, and bring her back safe; one who's always been true to me and mine, lass.'

"I did not care to guess: I was too much interested.

"'I'll make all right with father,' she whispered. It seemed to me she kissed the words into my cheek. 'I know where to go. I'll not come home, lass, without news.' I put my arms close round her; I seemed to have twice the mother I had had before.

"She was off before six next morning. She wouldn't let me go even to the turn of the lane with her.

"The two days that came after were so long, Jessie; I worked harder than I'd done in life before, so as to make them go—but they wouldn't—till I was so weary I was fain to sit down on the top of the steps, and watch the gold light change into crimson, while the sun set behind the oak-trees up yonder. On a sudden they seemed on fire, as if the sun himself was shining blood-red through their leaves, and then the crimson grew duller and duller. It had changed to grey when I saw mother coming up the lane. She was out of breath with walking, and I couldn't get a word out. I took her bundle and followed her up the steps.

"Father was in the village, and I sat mother in his chair, and pulled off her bonnet and shawl, and fetched her cap and apron, and got her a cup of tea.

"Her face spoke she had no good news, and I daredn't ask.

"'Phœbe, I've nought to tell ye,' she was half-crying with vexation. 'I've broke my word to ye, darling, but it warn't fault of mine.'

"And then I heard how she'd seen Stacey's cousin, Mrs. Green, a well-to-do person she said. Stacey had come home in the *Niger*, but he'd only stayed two days in London, and had gone back to Portsmouth. Mother stopped here, and looked at me. But the sudden joy of hearing that he was alive and in England swept away my fears.

"'Did you hear how he looked, mother dear?'

"I'd poured out a cup of tea for her; instead of answering me, she turned away and drank it. I wanted to see her face, and I thought she'd never raise it from her teacup.

"'Look here, Phœbe'—she didn't look at me, she began to play with her teaspoon; 'don't be angry,



but I'm doubting if Stacey's all we thought him. One went to London with me, lass, who'll bring us news from Portsmouth to-morrow.'

"A sudden new light came to me.

"Mother, if you've sent Thomas to spy out Stacey's actions, he'll bring ye false news; I'll not believe a word.'

"It was wicked and ungrateful, too, after mother's great kindness. Ah, my lass, if you could know how every sharp word you've given your mother 'ull stick when she's gone from you, maybe ye'd not be so ready with 'em.

"I hardly spoke to mother these two days; it seemed to me she'd done a wrong to Stacey.

"What right had we to judge him? No doubt he had business at Portsmouth, and was waiting to end it, so as not to leave me again; and suppose he should find Thomas out, it would seem as if I had set a spy to watch him. I was mad with anger.

"Next evening came, but not Thomas. The morning after, I'd gone down to Pratt's shop for mother; as I passed our window, coming in, I heard voices. Father was always in the workshop at that time o' day. I went cold and hot, Jessie, something told me my fate was come on me.

"I walked into the kitchen boldly, but I knew my cheeks were white, and my head swam round and round.

"Thomas and I looked at each other, but he only spoke to mother.

"I'll go, Mrs. Hawtrey. You'll tell her best alone.'

"Jessie, it was as if the Evil One got loose in me. I flamed up scarlet. I could have struck Thomas.

"You mean fellow!' I said, 'to bring a false tale here of an honest man than yourself, and then not to have courage to stand by it.'

"Thomas looked at me, deep down into my eyes, till I could not bear the firm, strong gaze of him. I'd often thought him manful and sturdy, but I'd never feared him as his look made me fear him now, and yet he spoke tenderer than mother even.

"My poor girl, I'll tell you the tale if you wish. It's your sorrow, Phoebe, I can't face.'

"Tell away,' I said, as hard as a stone.

"Did he think I would show my sorrow before him?

"I grew cold while I listened. My lover—my Charles, as I called him—was married a fortnight past to a girl he'd promised himself to before he ever saw me; and worse than that, there was

more than one that claimed him—girls he'd made believe he loved.

"Something in the quiet, pitiful way he told it stamped it into my heart for truth, but I struggled still.

"I'll not believe you. Mother, don't believe this false tale; who's to prove it?'

"Thomas looked at my mother. The tears were running down her cheeks.

"Go your ways, my lad,' she said, softly. 'She'll thank you some day.'

"She did not mean me to hear; but my ears were always quick, lass. I ran after Thomas.

"Don't think it,' I said, in my passion. 'Once I thought you a good man, though I did not love you; now I know you for the coward you are, and I despise you.'

"He went away. When I went back in the kitchen, I saw mother held a letter in her hand.

"Take it to yourself, my poor lamb, and read it.' And then it seemed as if the kitchen went round with me, as I stood in it alone with Stacey's letter."

Phoebe paused and pulled an old letter out of her pocket. "Last night, Jessie, your mother told me about you and Paul, and I promised her that if it was only for vanity and not for love you were so set on being with him, I'd tell you my sorrow from beginning to end. I keep this letter to correct myself with, lass. By God's blessing, it may serve your turn too." She put it into the girl's hands, and Jessie read:—

DEAR PHOEBE, — The bearer of this says you won't believe I'm married unless I send you word myself. I follow his wishes in writing this, though I believe you are far too sensible to care. As you yourself said, there never was a promise betwixt us, and I knew you felt that our little flirtation was only meant to last for our mutual amusement. But I hope you will consider me, and allow me to sign myself, your sincere friend,

CHARLES STACEY.

Jessie's tears dropped fast as she gave her aunt the letter.

"Didn't Thomas come back?" she said, presently.

Phoebe shook her head; there was a half-sob in her voice as she answered—

"Never again, child. He went next day from Shireburn. I've heard he's been over twice, but each time I've been away. I'd like to ask his pardon, Jessie, but it may be we two shall never meet again."

She spoke solemnly, and the girl felt abashed.

She went up to her aunt and kissed her. "I'll do better," she whispered. "Mother had warned me about Paul, and still I didn't mind; but I will mind her now, Aunt Phoebe."

## THE SEARCH FOR DR. LIVINGSTONE.—I.

BY H. W. BATES, ASSISTANT-SECRETARY TO THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.



OUR newest maps of the continent of Africa, a few degrees south of the equator, may be seen the representation of a large lake, extending parallel to the eastern coast, and about 360 miles distant from it. This is Lake Nyassa, discovered in 1859 by Dr. Livingstone, and known previously to that time only from the vaguest native rumours as the "Lake of the Maravi." It is a vast inland sea of sweet water, about 240 miles in length, from north to south, and from 20 to 60 miles in width. Its waters are of enormous depth, in some places nearly unfathomable, and have the deep-blue colour of the ocean. The shores are bold, and the country around is mountainous and richly clothed with tropical vegetation. At short distances are found picturesque bays and snug harbours, fringed with sandy beaches. It abounds in fish, and the banks, at the time of Dr. Livingstone's first visit, swarmed with negro population.

It is to this interior water, scarcely yet won from the domain of fable, that a brave little party, in a steel boat, hurriedly constructed in one of our dockyards, has just paid a flying visit, in search of tidings of our greatest African explorer, reported as having been cruelly massacred on its shores. We have been so much accustomed to long delays, fevers, and difficulties of travel in Central Africa, that the return of the Search Expedition in so short a time—about seven months since it left England—and, moreover, successful in its mission, has taken us all by surprise.

Before giving a narrative of the proceedings of the expedition, which we are able to do from authentic sources, it will be necessary to explain the previous movements of Livingstone, and the position of the localities which have become so interesting in connection with the fate of our great traveller and philanthropist.

When Dr. Livingstone left England, in August, 1865, to prepare in Bombay for his third great expedition into the interior of Africa, his object was more purely geographical than had been the case in his previous explorations, although his ulterior aim, as expressed in one of his letters, was still, as before, the amelioration of the condition of the negro tribes. He had quitted the Zambesi, on the withdrawal of the Government expedition, early in 1864, disappointed in his hopes of laying open a portion of that fine region to the blessings of lawful commerce and Christian civilisation, and returned to England with the fixed purpose of remaining only so long as required to arrange the means for again visiting Africa to carry out his

cherished objects. The Council of the Geographical Society were at that time desirous of ascertaining the true extent of the great lakes of the African interior, so imperfectly made known by Burton, Speke, Livingstone himself, and Baker; and to find Livingstone disengaged was an opportunity not to be lost. An arrangement was soon made, into which the Government so far entered as to restore to Livingstone his title of consul; and thus our great African traveller departed on his new mission of exploration. His instructions, as stated by Sir Roderick Murchison, were to enter tropical Africa from the eastern coast, and examine the northern end of Lake Nyassa, and the southern end of Lake Tanganyika, so as to ascertain the true watershed, or division of the waters, of Central Africa. If Livingstone, after completing this arduous geographical task—an object great and difficult enough in itself for one journey—found the road open towards the north, the hope was expressed that he might pass from Tanganyika to Baker's Lake, Albert Nyanza, and so descend *via* the Nile to the Mediterranean.

The expedition, as we have stated, was organised in Bombay, in the winter of 1865-6, and in February it was on its way to the African coast—first to Zanzibar, where the Sultan gave the frankest assistance in carrying out its objects, and next to the mouth of the Rovuma River, a stream visited by Livingstone in his former expedition, which enters the Indian Ocean nearly in a line with the northern end of Lake Nyassa. Dr. Livingstone was the only white man of the party. The most trustworthy of his followers were seven or eight young Christian Africans, who had been educated at the Sharanpoor Mission, near Bombay, under the Rev. Mr. Price. Besides these, the Bombay Government lent a small detachment of sepoy marines, with their havildar or corporal; and a gang of nine porters were obtained from Johanna, one of the Comoro Islands, the head man of whom, named Moosa, had been with Livingstone for about two years in the previous Zambesi expedition. For beasts of burthen, besides camels, a small number of buffaloes were taken, the Doctor believing it probable that these animals might not be subject to the attacks of the tsetse-fly, which were so fatal to the native oxen. In taking animals to carry his baggage, Livingstone wished to be as independent as possible of the native porters, whose caprices and exactions are the cause of three-fourths of the delays and annoyances of an African traveller.

An Arab *dhow* landed the party, in the month

of April, at Mikindany, a snug bay about twenty miles to the north of the Rovuma River. At this place, as well as most others on the thinly-peopled eastern coast, between Zanzibar and Mozambique, several Arab slave-traders have their establishments, and wield an influence over the corrupted semi-dependent negro tribes for some distance towards the interior, the country forming a portion of the territory of the Sultan of Zanzibar. In spite of the discouraging reports of these Arabs, Livingstone pushed his way by land towards the Rovuma, and afterwards, on reaching the river, travelled along its northern bank, through dense forests, where a way had to be cleared by the tomahawks of the *Makonde* negroes hired by the Doctor for the purpose. The route lay over table-land, which rises to a height of 400 to 600 feet on both sides of the Rovuma.

After several days' toilsome march, the party arrived at Ngomano, or, as the word signifies, "the confluence;" being the point where the Rovuma bifurcates, one branch, the *Loendi*, coming from the south-west, and the other, the Rovuma proper, from the north-west. At this place, under the protection of a friendly and intelligent negro chief named Matumora, Livingstone remained some time, and wrote a letter home, dated May 18th, 1866.

This letter is the last direct news the civilised world has received from our great English traveller, for he soon after penetrated deeper into the vast unknown interior, and little more than native hearsay accounts have come to hand. It is well known, however, that he reached in safety a place called Mataka, eleven days' journey from the junction of the Rovuma, and that he there dismissed his sepoy attendants (eleven in number), except the havildar, who remained faithful to his chief, and wrote a second despatch home; but this document never reached its destination, and it is supposed that it was intentionally withheld or destroyed by the Arab trader who had charge of it. The sepoys, who had proved a useless encumbrance to Livingstone, arrived safely at Zanzibar, giving a loose account of the places they had visited, and in course of time they were sent home to Bombay. The cargo animals of the expedition had by this time all died, and Livingstone continued forward, accompanied by his eight or nine faithful civilised Africans and his body of Johanna porters. From Mataka he may be said to have entered the portals of the unknown, mysterious African interior, and—they closed behind him.

The next news we had of Livingstone, seven months afterwards, was that he had been murdered, with four of his faithful African body-guard, by a marauding band of Mazite Zulus—a remorseless, warlike section of Caffres, who have migrated into this region—at a place situated

about forty miles to the north-west of Lake Nyassa. This unwelcome intelligence was brought to the consul at Zanzibar, in December, 1866, by the eight Johanna porters and their head-man Moosa; and so circumstantial was the description of the massacre by Moosa, that no doubt was left on the minds of Dr. Seward, the acting consul, and Dr. Kirk, the vice-consul, who himself had been with Livingstone in 1859 and 1861 on Lake Nyassa, that the story was true. The despatch of Dr. Seward to Lord Stanley was worded as follows:—

Zanzibar, December 10th, 1866.

MY LORD,—I send you the saddest news. Dr. Livingstone, in his despatch from Ngomano, informed your lordship that he stood "on the threshold of the unexplored." Yet, as if that which should betide him had already thrown its shadow, he added, "It is best to say little of the future."

My lord, if the report of some fugitives from his party be true, this brave and good man has "crossed the threshold of the unexplored"—he has confronted the future, and will never return.

He was slain, so it is alleged, during a sudden and unprovoked encounter with those very Zulus of whom he says, in his despatch, that they had laid waste the country round about him, and had "swept away the food from above and in the ground." With an escort reduced to twenty by desertion, death, and dismissals, he had traversed, as I believe, that *terra incognita* between the confluence of the Loendi and Rovuma rivers at Ngomano, and the eastern or north-eastern littoral of Lake Nyassa; had crossed the lake at some point, as yet unascertained; had reached Mapunda, on its western shores, and was pushing west or north-west into dangerous ground, when a band of implacable Mazite savages stopped the way. They were armed with shield, broad-bladed spears, and axes. With Livingstone there were nine or ten muskets; his Johanna men were resting with their loads far in the rear. The Mazite instantly came on to fight; there was no parley, no avoidance of the combat, they came on with a rush, with war-cries and rattling on their shields their spears. As Livingstone and his party raised their pieces, their onset was for a moment checked, but only for a moment. Livingstone fired, and two Zulus were shot dead; his boys fired too, but their fire was harmless; he was in the act of reloading when three Mazite leapt upon him through the smoke. There was no resistance—there could be none—and one cruel axe-cut from behind put him out of life. He fell, and when he fell, his terror-stricken escort fled, hunted by the Mazite. One, at least, of the fugitives escaped; and he, the eye-witness, it is who tells the tale—Ali Moosa, chief of his escort of porters.

The party had left the western shores of Nyassa about five days. They were traversing a flat country broken by small hills and abundantly wooded. Indeed, the scene of the tragedy would appear to have been an open forest-glade. Livingstone, as usual, led the way, his nine or ten unpractised musketeers at his heels. Ali Moosa had nearly come up with these, having left his own Johanna men resting with their loads far in the rear. Suddenly he heard Livingstone warn the boys that the Mazite were coming; the boys in turn beckoned Moosa to press forward. Moosa saw the crowd here and there between the trees. He had just gained the party, and sunk down behind a tree to deliver his own fire, when his leader fell. Moosa fled for his life along the path he had come, meeting his Johanna

men, who threw down their loads, and in a body rushed off into the deeper forest. However, at sunset, they in great fear left their forest refuge and got back to the place where they hoped to find their baggage. It was gone, and then with increasing dread they crept to where the slain traveller lay. Near him, in front, lay the grim Zulus who were killed under his sure aim; here and there lay scattered some four dead fugitives of the expedition. That one blow had killed him outright, he had no other wound but this terrible gash; it must have gone, from their description, through the neck and spine up to the throat in front, and it had nearly decapitated him. Death came mercifully in its suddenness, for David Livingstone was "ever ready." They found him stripped only of his upper clothing, for the Mazite had respected him when dead. They dug with some stakes a shallow grave, and hid from the starlight the stricken temple of a grand spirit; the body of an apostle of freedom, whose martyrdom should make sacred the shores of that sea which his labours made known to us, and which, now baptised with his life's blood, men should henceforth know as "Lake Livingstone."

The Johanna men made the best of their way back to Mapunda, not venturing near any village or station; they lost themselves in the jungle, and were fourteen days on the way. At Mapunda they witnessed the death of the havildar of sepoy, and were deprived of their weapons by the chief. Here they joined an Arab slave caravan, recrossed the Nyassa, and made for Quiloa, the great slave outlet on the Zanzibar coast.

It will be gratifying to the many and true friends of Dr. Livingstone to learn that, when on his sad end being known, the British flag was lowered at this consulate, the French, American, and Hanseatic flags were at once flown half-mast high, the consuls paying a spontaneous tribute to his memory—an example shortly followed by all the foreign vessels in the harbour. The Sultan's flag was also lowered.

G. EDWIN SEWARD.

Such was the story related by the Johanna men to our consul and vice-consul, and a more flagrant example of African unveracity could not be cited. Except the names of the places and the order of their position on the line of march, the whole narrative has been now proved, by the Search Expedition to be an audacious falsehood. Not only is the story of the massacre a pure invention, but Moosa appears to have misled Dr. Kirk with regard to the locality of it, or in reality, the place where he deserted his master; for instead of being near the north end of Lake Nyassa, it turns out to have been near the south end, or 300 miles in a contrary direction. When the despatches of the consul and vice-consul, who held out no hope that the story might be untrue arrived in England, in March, 1837, it is known that there were some persons high in authority, who entirely disbelieved the account; but they saw no reason to doubt that the line of march was substantially correct, and thought that Livingstone, after the desertion of his porters, continued journeying towards the southern end of Tanganyika Lake, having settled the position of the northern end of Nyassa, according to his instructions. But we must now proceed to the narrative of Mr. Young's Search Expedition, which has cleared up much that was

before uncertain, although Livingstone's whereabouts at the present time still remains a mystery.

The principal disbeliever in the Johanna men's story—and the disbelievers formed a small minority—was, fortunately, Sir Roderick Murchison, President of the Royal Geographical Society, who was in the position of being able to influence the Government to equip an expedition to Lake Nyassa, and set at rest all doubts on the matter. As Livingstone was supposed to have marched nearly due west from the mouth of the Rovuma to the northern end of the lake, it was at first thought that a small party, lightly equipped, might reach the spot by land, following Livingstone's own track; but we English are a seafaring nation and lovers of water, and it being known that there was water communication, by way of the Zambesi and Shiré rivers, all the way to the head of Lake Nyassa, to within a few miles of the scene of the reported massacre, it was resolved to send a small party in a boat along that route. A worthy leader of such an enterprise was soon found in Mr. E. D. Young, a superior warrant-officer in the English navy, who had been with Livingstone two years on the former Zambesi expedition—was acquainted with the natives on the rivers, and, moreover, loved dearly his noble-hearted chief. He knew well, also, the Johanna man Moosa, and had his reasons for believing his story to be entirely false. Mr. Young, when sent for, willingly accepted the post offered to him, and, being limited in forming his party to three persons out of some eighty persons who volunteered their services, chose Mr. Henry Faulkner, a young gentleman who had had experience in tropical climates, as his second in command; Mr. Reid, an intelligent shipwright of Glasgow, who had also formerly been with Livingstone, as mechanic; and Mr. Buckley, a seaman, whose duty it would be to direct the negro crew. The naval authorities ordered a steel boat to be built, of the dimensions proposed by Mr. Young, and so rapidly were the preparations pushed forward, that the expedition was able to leave England by the Cape mail steamer on the 11th of June last.

The boat was built in the navy-yard at Chatham, and formed of a large number of separate pieces for facility of land carriage, none of which was to weigh more than fifty pounds. It had two masts and sails, and was large enough to accommodate twenty-five persons, with their arms, luggage, and a quantity of goods wherewith to pay the wages of the negro crews and to purchase provisions. It was built in sections, to enable it to be carried by land past the cataracts of the river Shiré, which interrupt for a distance of more than fifty miles the navigation of that fine river, and so present an insurmountable obstacle to direct communication by water with Lake Nyassa. It is necessary to





(Drawn by M. ELLEN EDWARDS.)

"At last a maid with a wand of flame  
Passed by the greenwood tree"—p. 476.

explain here that the Shiré issues as a broad, navigable stream from the southern end of Lake Nyassa, and, after a course from north to south of about 280 miles, enters the great Zambesi, not far from its mouth in the Indian Ocean. Mr. Young with his companions, his boat, and his luggage, were to be landed by an English man-of-war in the desolate mangrove swamps at the mouth of the Zambesi, and were then to make their way as best they could to the head of Lake Nyassa—a distance, by river and lake, of no less than 660 miles. The climate was known to be dangerous to Europeans,

for Mr. Young himself had assisted at the burial of many a noble fellow—members of Livingstone's former expedition, or of the Universities' Mission, on the shores of the streams. War and mistrust, famine and pestilence, chiefly caused by the slave-hunting incursions of half-caste Portuguese and Arabs, created perennial disorder in the regions to be traversed; but the brave little search party heeded none of these dangers, and their leader especially kept his one object steadily in view, confident of success.

(To be continued.)

## RELIGION IN THE HOME.

BY THE REV. W. B. MACKENZIE, M.A., INCUMBENT OF ST. JAMES'S, HOLLOWAY.

### HOME DISCIPLINE.



HERE are critical periods in every one's lifetime, when things assume a new aspect, and the character and habits become permanently changed. Communities, too, undergo observable changes. These are not now brought about by the parade of military greatness, or the decrees of legislation, but by the spread of sound knowledge, the cultivation of social virtue, and the growth of religious principles. It is admitted on all hands that the present is a critical period, like the turn of the tide, in the development of our national character. The marvellous prosperity of the last few years—checked just now only for a short time, as we trust—has immensely multiplied our social advantages and given a new impulse to men's minds; while national education, every day becoming more urgent and appreciated, is placing agencies of power within the reach of all; and the wider dissemination of legislative privilege cannot fail to stimulate the aspirations of the people.

It is seriously questioned, however, whether the religion of the age is keeping pace with its social progress. I am aware that it is not easy to form a sound conclusion upon a subject so sacred and interior; but signs are not wanting which betray a spirit of widespread alienation from the public observances of religion, while sentiments and practices gain ready acceptance which are hostile to the truth and spirit of the Bible.

To what quarter, then, can we look for the deeper growth of Scripture knowledge, and the pervading influence of personal religion? Not to the erection of new churches and chapels merely, from which multitudes of all ranks either absent themselves altogether, or avowedly disparage public religious instruction as unequal to the demands of the age. National education, too, however widely extended or religiously administered, can but indirectly influence the grown-up population; nor can we expect

that religious literature will ever become aggressive enough to control the ever-active agencies of evil, and mould the national character after the mind of Christ.

Our best hopes are in promoting religion in the home. If its blessings can be introduced into the home circle, and the atmosphere of our households made fragrant with its refreshing truths and virtues; if the duties of the Fifth Commandment, to which reference was made in the former paper, be carried out, and the harmonies of a Christian household known and appreciated, then we might cherish the hopes of a bright future, where social virtue would keep pace with national prosperity, and "truth and justice, religion and piety, would be established among us for all generations."

But how is religion to be introduced into the home, and when can it be brought in with the best hope of success? To this there can be only one answer: It must begin at the beginning. If the "honourable estate" which originates the home be "taken in hand unadvisedly, lightly," and not "reverently, discreetly, advisedly, soberly, and in the fear of God," as the Church wisely prescribes for an event so permanent and sacred, no one can be surprised if the seeds of thoughtlessness and folly should yield a harvest of wretched disappointment, which must be embittered every year by fresh aggravations.

It is said that marriage is a lottery, and that no one can tell beforehand what the one party or the other may turn out. It matters not whether this sentiment owes its origin to the unhappy victims of inconsiderate passion, or to cynical celibates who purposely disparage the "vow and covenant" of "holy wedlock," and stand contemptuously aloof from its sacred obligations; the contrary is, in most cases, the undeniable truth, that marriage is no lottery, but a step deliberately taken, of which the consequences "for better or for worse" may be reasonably foreseen. What people turn out to

be when surrounded with the responsibilities of married life, is only the fuller development of what they were before they entered upon it. The marriage state possesses no mysterious power to transform the character of either party. The smiles and sunshine of bridal seasons create no permanent element in which future years are to be spent. A man's habits and sentiments, which have already fixed themselves and made him what he is, will inevitably reappear in his new home, and give their colouring to its condition and prospects. Experience lends its sanction to the maxim, that they who stand highest in the esteem and endearments of their own family are best fitted to enter upon the sacred duties of married life. The habits of home life may be regarded as a tolerably safe and easy test of character. It would keep many a young woman from entering upon a perilous career for which no amount of future regret can make amends, to remember that he is likely to prove the best husband who secured a high position for himself in the affectionate esteem of his father's house; and in making his selection of a companion for life, if in that great event he shall possess the wise discernment to choose one whose sterling virtues already adorn her home and augment its happiness, he is not likely to be disappointed if he transfer personal accomplishments like these to flourish in a still happier and more congenial soil.

That home is unquestionably formed under the brightest auspices in which both parents are religious. There may possibly be some religion, where the husband feels no sympathy, and only "minds earthly things." Religion may find entrance into a home where even the wife makes no effort to promote it, but seeks rather to imbue her household with adverse influences. Still, there can be no healthy religious growth in any home unless both parents daily contribute to its diligent cultivation. It is a tender plant—not the indigenous growth of this sinful, ungenial world—and can only be preserved in any heart by "giving all diligence," and "walking in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord." No mere form without the reality is of any value. A hasty observer may be deceived by the plausible appearances of home religion, just as an inexperienced touch may mistake the precise character of the pulse; but the finger of a skilful practitioner will easily ascertain the true state of things: conditions which another would overlook, are clear indications to him of the presence of disease with which he must skilfully grapple. It is not difficult to discover the religion of parents by the condition of their household; where it is healthy and vigorous, it will show itself in the equal, regular, steady pulsations throughout the family; whereas any defect or irregularity in their religious life, will be

indicated by intermittent, feverish feebleness in the religious conduct of children and servants.

The father, obviously, occupies the position of greatest responsibility for good or for evil. His character will, to a great extent, mould or mar the character of the household. No other example can take such hold, no other power can make itself so strongly and observably felt. It is supremely important, therefore, that the religious element in him should be genuine and real. Anything assumed, or merely exhibited occasionally in seasons of excitement, but not dwelling abidingly in the heart, has no influence upon the home circle, nor can it permanently continue. A man's religion is seen at home just as it is, and is set down at its true value. He may deceive others, and even himself; but he cannot succeed in deceiving his own household. Nor is any discovery so baneful and discouraging to young and ardent minds, as the insincerity of their father's religion. On the other hand, if it be genuine and sincere, and every day's observation adds to their conviction that it is genuine, though by no means perfect, it is appreciated with an ever-increasing thankfulness, while it is welcome and refreshing as the "healthful dew" to their spiritual growth, and yields strength and encouragement to them who "daily endeavour themselves to follow the example" of a father so endearingly honoured and cheerfully obeyed.

Side by side with the religious influence of the father, and in some respects still stronger, is the personal religion of the mother. It may be less demonstrative in its operation, but more continuous. The father's presence is much withdrawn from the home circle, and his energies are necessarily spent upon other things. This inevitable lack of service is supplied by the mother, to whom her loved and loving household is the scene of daily and ever-recurring anxieties. For some years, combining the duties of parent and teacher, the sharer of their little sorrows, and the source of numberless daily enjoyments, she is ever among them, the first at their bedside, at the break of day, to hear the morning hymn, and prompt the glad thanksgiving to their "Father in heaven," and their last companion in the evening, teaching them to pray for forgiving mercy and preserving care.

A home begun in this way is formed after a model so wise and holy, and united by endearments so firm and sacred, "binding the hearts of the parents to the children, and the hearts of children to the parents," while parents and children are alike united in bonds of holy relationship to the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, and to the One Family in Him, may look forward with assured confidence that the chequered and uncertain future can bring no real harm to them.

Such parents may gather their children around a dying bed, in the confident persuasion of their safety and abiding welfare. They have sought, by godly example, by Scripture teaching, and all other appliances of Christian agency, to plant the seeds of saving knowledge in their hearts, and watered them by prayer *with* and *for* their children, and when they must leave them to pursue life's journey alone, they can commit them to the guardian care

of their heavenly Father, in the assurance that He will keep them from the evils of the world, and enable them to "lead the rest of their life according to this beginning," that "steadfast in faith, joyful in hope, and rooted in charity," they may withstand the assaults of coming temptation, and "so pass the waves of this troublesome world, that finally they may come to His everlasting kingdom."

### UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE.



DREAMED a dream of a summer's day,  
Under the greenwood tree,—  
O lady mine, I pray divine  
My vision unto me.  
The stream flowed rippling at my feet,  
The wind moved in the trees;  
I saw many a bird, but no voice I heard  
Of stream, or bird, or breeze.  
  
A wizard came and touched mine ear,  
Under the greenwood tree;  
Then all around I heard the sound  
Of wondrous melody.  
Linnet and lark, and babbling wave,  
And the sportive summer breeze  
Shaking out song, as he moved along,  
From the rustling leaves of trees.

Then I poured my soul in a flood of song,  
Under the greenwood tree;  
I could not fain but sing the strain,  
In my spirit's ecstasy.  
But that mystic chant no language spoke—  
'Twas like speechless song of birds;  
Nor shaped my tongue the sounds it flung:  
'Twas music without words.

At last a maid with a wand of flame  
Passed by the greenwood tree,  
And she touched my heart till I felt the smart  
That pierced it painfully;  
Then my song broke out in sweet sad words,  
To speak them I may not dare—  
Ah! lady tell, what meant that spell  
Or who was the maiden fair?

J. F. WALLER.

### A BRAVE LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DEEPDALE VICARAGE," "MARK WARREN," ETC. ETC.

#### CHAPTER III.

ALICE.



AM very glad to see you again; very glad, indeed!"

"Thank you, Miss Alice, I am sure the old place will be all the better, to my way of thinking, now you are come back."

She was standing on the platform. Her hands were in her sable muff, and a tippet of sable fell almost to her feet. She wore a hat with a long black feather, and her veil was thrown back, and the wind was blowing in her face. She was like the Sylvesters. She had the same cast of features as they had. She had the clear complexion, the full, dark eye of her race; and her eye had all the fire that theirs had.

But there was something different about her, too. She was speaking to the old coachman, who, as he boasted, had lived in the family eight-and-forty years. Not a single Sylvester had ever unbent to him save Miss Alice. The old man thought his young mistress was a very model of perfection: and perhaps he was not the only one who thought so.

"She seems to know that, after all, we are flesh and blood," he would say. "Now, my lady and the

rest of 'em haven't happened to find that out yet. Maybe they will some of these days."

Alice Sylvester had found it out, and I will just, in a few words, tell the reader how. Some years ago Alice heard a sermon. No matter where, or under what circumstances. I wish simply to relate that she heard it.

Her heart had been very proud and lifted up when the sermon began. She sat there, among the great ones, in her sweeping silks and jewels—the Sylvesters could always afford these—in the flush of youth and beauty, with an imperious smile upon her face, Alice had sat and listened.

It was a sermon on humility; not a barren discourse, full of trite sayings, and the old well-known assertions. He who preached had no need to take up with these; he had something better to say. He told his hearers of One who had alone been humble. None other had; for humility does not grow on earth. That One had been Divine. And he brought out a simple history, grand in its simplicity, and very touching; and he told it. It was the history of Christ!

Then the imperious smile faded; then the proud knees bowed; then the heart softened: things that take place not unfrequently when the preacher is true to his great mission, and displays it, and it only, to



the eyes of a sin-stricken world. From that hour Alice Sylvester became humble!

We do not dwell on this episode in her life, momentous as it was: the subject is too solemn. But we mention it, to show of what source came her humility, and of what mettle it was made.

She was young still—very young; all the freshness and gladness of youth was upon her. We cannot help but wonder what her fate will be!

She was standing on the platform, speaking to the old man, whose eyes were gladdened by the sight of her, when a figure came hurriedly up. She sprang forward eagerly, "Raymond, dearest Raymond!"

"Alice!" and he stooped down to kiss her; "come here, child," drawing her away. "How is it that I find my sister in conversation with a servant?" He spoke coldly, and as if he were displeased: and he spoke with an air of authority, too.

Alice laughed softly. "Are we so proud yet, Raymond?" said she, looking up at him.

"Not proud, Alice; but we should know our true position."

They had gone into the waiting-room, which was empty, but where a great fire was blazing. Alice threw her muff on the table, and stood by the fire, her hands clasped. "What is our position, Raymond—better, or worse, than it used to be?"

A touch of sarcasm was in her eye as she said it. You could see by the curve of the mouth she was as resolute as he was.

"You will soon answer that question for yourself, Alice."

He spoke in the old, bitter tone she knew so well. She knew it all, this girl of eighteen—the shifts, the evasions, the ceaseless dodging with evils, that gathered thick and threatening on every hand. The putting from them, steadily, God's law of labour; the splendid poverty, the tottering fabric accepted instead, and clung to. Yes! Alice knew it all. She had gone from it; she was now come back to it—to nothing else! Her hands tightened in their clasp as she stood a moment, her eyes cast down. Then she took up her muff, and said, in a quick, sharp tone, "Come, Raymond, I am longing to see my mother."

"Why, that is Alice Sylvester's voice! Now, who would have thought it? And Mr. Raymond as well. I beg pardon—Mr. Sylvester, now," and here was a slight sigh of condolence. "How delighted I am; how do you both do?"

And a voluminous lady, dressed with great splendour in satins and ermine, came rustling in.

"How do you both do? Alice come home, I suppose. Well, of course, I ought to have known. And I did know, but really my poor head forgets everything. I'm in such a whirl, you know, dear," addressing Alice, who had drawn back with the nearest approach she could make to the Sylvester hauteur. "The house is fuller than full!"

"There is every excuse, I am sure," said Alice, with a freezing smile, and moving slowly towards the door.

"Stay, Alice; you are in too great a hurry. We can, perhaps, be of some service to Mrs. Brooklyn,"

said Raymond, who had displayed far more attention and forbearance than his sister.

"No service, thank you; my servants are here. I came to meet dear old Sir Hugh. He sent me word he should reach Newbury by the nine train. Shockingly late for an unprotected widow to be out," and Mrs. Brooklyn gave a little sigh; "but dear Sir Hugh is such a terrible invalid, and so devotedly fond of me, and will be in such raptures to be met, and I have had such millions of things to do in the town, that really I thought— But there; Alice wants to see her mamma, so you had better go."

"I have not seen mamma for a year," said Alice, quietly.

"Then pray go. I do not want anybody; I shall make myself quite comfortable;" and she settled herself, with all her ermines and velvets, in the most capacious chair she could find. "I am dying with impatience to see you go!"

"If that is the case, the sooner I am gone the better," said Alice, with a little of the Sylvester ring in her voice. And go she did, before Raymond; for Raymond, inscrutable as it seemed, lingered some minutes.

"Raymond, how can you endure to be civil to that odious woman?" cried Alice, impatiently, when he had taken his seat beside her.

"Because I am a gentleman, and because she is a lady," replied Raymond, shortly.

"A lady! Now, Raymond, you are more acute than I am; I had not discovered that fact."

"At all events, she is a woman of fortune and of position; and one of our best neighbours, Alice. As such you must accept her, please."

"One can't account for antipathies, I suppose, any more than sympathies," said Alice; "but that woman always makes me shudder."

Raymond did not answer. One of the fastenings of the window required his immediate attention.

"She is so pretentious, and so——"

"Now, Alice, where is your charity?"

"Left behind, I suppose," said she, with a short laugh. "At all events, we had better change the subject. You have not told me half I want to know about mamma."

"What do you want to know?"

"Everything—how she is, how she looks," cried Alice, impulsively. "You must feel how earnestly I have wished to be with her again."

"That was very good of you, dear Alice. Mamma is just the same as usual."

"And quite settled and happy?"

She turned and looked at him as she spoke. Yes, there was a striking likeness between the brother and the sister; nothing could be more so.

"Settled and happy," repeated Raymond, as if mechanically.

"Yes; those old troubles, are they gone? I thought they might have been by this time."

Raymond shook his head.

"But better, Raymond, surely better? Time must have done something."

She spoke eagerly; her beautiful face was flushed. "Time does *nothing*, Alice. What can he do in a case like ours?"

"Why not, Raymond? why not?"

"Because"—and he spoke slowly and with bitterness—"there are certain things, Alice, that never stop. Their nature is to *progress*. Decay is one; ruin is one; and the doom of the Sylvesters is another!"

She gave a little shudder. A blank, dreary look came into the face that had been so bright and so hopeful. She did not answer; she drew her wrappers round her, and shrank into a corner. He did not speak either, and the carriage rolled on in silence.

As they neared the great house, standing bleak on the common, another carriage whirled past them. It did not go so fast, but that a face, surmounted by nodding plumes, showed itself at the window—a face all radiant with smiles of recognition. Alice did not move from her corner. Raymond bowed with stately politeness. It was Mrs. Brooklyn, of Brooklyn Hall.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### GOING BEFORE THE WIND.

"AND I don't care who hears me say it; and you know it yourself at the bottom of your heart; you're just fit to hold up your head with anybody!"

"I don't dispute it, mother, seeing I'm *nigh* on six feet two," replied John Humphreys, composedly.

"Then why don't you set more store by yourself, John?" replied the old woman, who did not in the least understand the sarcasm.

"I don't think I'm amiss for that either, mother."

"Yes, you are, John. You're *that* humble, you'd let people tread on you, if it wasn't for me!"

His mother was a very little woman, and John was half a giant. He just glanced at her as she made this remark, and shrugged his shoulders.

"John, I will have my say, and then I've done. I'm not one of those who go nagging on for ever. What I do maintain is, that a lad like you might have the pick of the village if he liked, instead of which——"

"And so I have had the pick of the village, mother."

"Instead of which—oh, bless my life! how head-long young people are now-a-days!" cried Mrs. Humphreys, lifting up her hands—"instead of which, you've just gone and married the first girl that offered."

"Rachel did *not* offer; and I'm *not* married," said John, laughing.

"No, you are not; that's the only good thing about it!"

John bit his lip. "Mother," said he, the crimson flush getting deeper, "we need not go over the ground again. I love Rachel. I have loved her for this ten years. There is not such a girl to be found in the whole county, I don't care where you look for her. She is God-fearing; she is thrifty; she is industrious. She has been the best of daughters, the

best of sisters, and I could stake my life she'll make the best of wives. And my wife she *shall* be, God willing, before another month is over!"

"Humph!" replied the old woman. "It's all very fine; you've fallen in love, and there's no arguing with you. But what I look at is, here's Rachel without a penny."

"So much the better, mother. *She* is a treasure!"

"No; it is not so much the better," cried the old woman, irritably; "it's so much the *worse*; when there's Selina Fowler, at the 'White Lion,' with a hundred——"

"Mother, I cannot bear it," said John, stamping his foot; "if you mention that girl's name again I shall fairly take to my heels!"

"She is not a girl," replied the old woman, disdainfully; "she is a young lady, who wears a silk gown of an afternoon, and has her hair in a—what d'ye call it?—as big as anybody's and sits in the parlour and plays on the piano, and knows French—she does, John; you needn't look as if you didn't believe it."

"I do believe it, mother: and I believe, too, that she's much too fine a lady for plain John Humphreys, who does not know one tune from another, and can't speak a word beyond his mother tongue, Heaven bless it! But hark! there's some one at the door."

He got up, and stepped into the little brick passage. There was a sound of the front door being unbolted, and a few minutes after John came in again.

"Mother, I've got a gentleman on business in the parlour, so please don't wait supper."

"Yes, I shall wait supper; and what is he come about?" said the old woman, rather peevishly.

But John had gone back to the parlour.

There was no fire, and the little barely-furnished room looked very cold and dismal. A candle stood on the table that threw a feeble light around. But John liked to transact business privately, and without the interference of his mother: for his mother, good soul, had a heart better than her head, and she teased him now and then past endurance.

His visitor, a burly man with a compact frame, and a keen eye that peered at you from under bushy eyebrows, had taken his seat on one side of the table. John sat down on the other.

"Well, Mr. Humphreys, I think this business of ours would be all the better for settling," began the burly man.

"So it would, Mr. Isaacs, no doubt," replied John.

"And I've been thinking——"

"You need not tell me what you've been thinking, because, you see, thinking has gone on long enough," interrupted the burly man. "Now I'm for acting—I am."

"What do you propose?" asked John, quietly.

"Well, that you was off, or on, I'm not particular which, Mr. Humphreys. I've got another customer for my farm."

"Indeed!" said John with some anxiety.

"Yes, a good un too, as is ready with his money."

John was silent. So was the burly man for a few minutes.

"Who is he?" asked John, at length.

"That's neither here nor there. I tell you he's mad after the farm; he's got his lawyer, and they'd have clapped me up there and then, if they could."

"Would they?" said John, absently. He felt, as he afterwards confessed, "a bit bothered."

"Yes, indeed, they would. Them's the chaps to do business. But I've held off till to-morrow morning. I'd hard work to do it; but I thought of you."

"I am sure I'm obliged to you," replied John, still slowly, and speaking like a man who wishes to gain time; "but it seems, for all that, as if I were not ready to give you an answer."

"Then you give it up," said the other, rising.

"Oh, no I don't! Sit down, Mr. Isaacs. I would not give it up on any account."

"You'd be silly if you did. It's the nicest, snugest, best bit of land you'd ever have the chance of meeting with in your life, John Humphreys."

"I know it," said John, laconically.

"Why don't you buy it then? The old man left you a tidy bit of money. Everybody knows that."

"Yes, he did; but, you see, somehow, that money hasn't come to hand as it should," said John, in a dubious tone.

"Why hasn't it?"

"You see," said John, glancing round and lowering his voice, "there's part of it I can't, for the life of me, get in."

"Not get in—from where?"

"It's been borrowed," returned John, cautiously.

"And have you got a proper bond?"

"Yes—oh, yes!"

"Well, then, nothing is easier. Any effects?"

"I should think there are," said John, indignantly.

"Easier still. Put the people in the court; they'd pay fast enough."

"I don't know, I'm sure," said John, dubiously; "they are not quite so easy to manage as you think."

"You are sure the bond is legal?"

"Oh, yes!"

"And effects?"

"Oh, yes! I told you so."

"Well, then, perhaps you could sell your bond?"

John shook his head.

"Oh, very well. I don't profess to understand your private affairs, Mr. Humphreys. At any rate, I see one thing plainly. You give up the farm;" and he laid hold of his hat, which stood on the table beside him.

"Pray don't be in a hurry!" exclaimed John. "I am really most anxious to have the farm, if I only knew how."

"How! nothing is more simple. Get your money."

"I could not do that, immediately," replied John, unlocking a desk.

"Very well; borrow, and let your bond be security."

"That is my bond," said John, producing it as if in sheer desperation.

The burly man pounced upon it as a hawk might upon a sparrow.

"Sylvester! Why, you never mean to tell me——"

"I do," cried John, impatiently. "The old man borrowed of my father."

"Ah! they are on their last legs; and when the building's coming down they are glad of who will to prop it up. Still, the bond's safe enough," and he turned it over and over, and held it so near the candle, John almost fancied it smoked. "Safe as a church!"

"You think so?"

"Oh, yes, there's a deal to be got through yet; and even if the crash came, I think there would be no risk of losing it all. Have you dunned them well?"

"As well as I know how," said John, laughing.

"Well, now you have made a clean breast of it, I know what I'm about. I should not mind lending you a few hundreds myself on that bond."

"You?"

"Yes, me."

"I am sure you are very good," said John, his spirits rising.

"Yes. I know your heart's set on the farm—and you are a neighbour, and one likes to oblige one's friends. Besides, there's a tidy house on the farm that will suit you under present circumstances," said the burly man, trying to be jocular.

John's honest cheek crimsoned a little. He knew the burly man was alluding to his intended marriage with Rachel.

"And the other customer is a stranger; and, between ourselves, I would quite as soon he didn't have it," said Mr. Isaacs, nodding his head confidentially.

"Then perhaps you would wait?" said John, eagerly, and catching at a straw.

"No! I won't! I won't wait any longer. I want to get the concern off my hands. I'll sell it to one or other of you before to-morrow's out."

John sighed as if in despair.

"I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll accommodate you if you're inclined to take the offer. Come, it's a capital offer; I shan't make it again."

John had a fit of serious perplexity. What was he to do? The farm was just what he wanted—it would set him up in fact, as Mr. Isaacs observed; and if he accepted the offer of accommodation, it would be only a temporary matter. The mere working of the farm would pay the debt, for the land was excellent, and in capital order. Besides, he would get the money from the Sylvesters, even if he proceeded to extremities. And as Mr. Isaacs said, the bond was safe as a church.

There was an old saying which rang in John's ears, "He who goes a borrowing, goes a sorrowing;" but John did not think the saying applied to him—and perhaps it did not. He was young, energetic, industrious: and this chance laid slip, he might wait a long time before another presented itself.

At any rate, the two men did not part without, as Mr. Isaacs observed, business having been done in a satisfactory manner.

The farm belonged to John Humphreys: and as for the Sylvesters, he had made up his mind to proceed to extremities!

(To be continued.)

## THE PUNISHMENT.

**M**ISS TUPPER was going away to India. She had been teacher in the Hilldown school for many years, and when it was known she would soon leave, the grief of her pupils was very great; for, from the eldest to the youngest, they all loved her dearly.

It had been proposed by the girls of the upper school, to club together and buy a keepsake for her. Each brought her money, and handed it over to the eldest scholar. When the children of the lower school heard of this good idea, they contributed, and the eldest among them was chosen to act as manager.

Monday was the day fixed for the presentation of the upper school, Tuesday for the lower. On Wednesday they were all to meet at Miss Tupper's house for the last time before her leaving.

Monday passed off grandly; and Miss Tupper smiled kindly through her tears, when she read the pretty letter of gratitude and good wishes which accompanied the handsome inkstand.

The little girls were busy in their room, preparing for the next day. There came the question, who should present their gift? a few said the youngest; but the greater number were for the eldest, Martha Ryder, the manager. She readily undertook the charge.

There was only one other matter to settle, and that was, what would be said when the present should be handed to Miss Tupper.

They disputed over it some time, when Martha said, "I am getting quite cross at the silly things you are talking about. Why can't you leave it to me?"

Now that would not do, for each little girl thought she had a right to help in the speech-making. Their voices were getting louder and louder; the smiles had faded, leaving only a cloud on the before happy faces.

"Please stop talking," said quiet little Ellen Ryle. "I am sure it is not right to get angry over good Miss Tupper's present; she would rather not have one, if we quarrel over it."

But the talking went on till it was time to leave; they tried to make it up, but Martha would not, and went away grumbling. They all declared they had never seen her so cross before.

On Tuesday Miss Tupper was invited into the schoolroom. She took the chair she saw intended for her, the children drew their forms up and closed about her.

They sat quite still, waiting for the sound of the bell from the next room, a sign for them all to rise, and Martha to enter with the pretty workbasket, which formed their offering of love and respect. They sat still a long time, when Ellen Ryle timidly rose, opened the door and looked in. There was no Martha, and the basket was gone! Inquiries were soon made; Martha had been seen by the elder girls leaving the room, apparently very quietly; but as soon as she was a little distance away, she ran as fast as possible. They said she had nothing in her hands.

The children cried sadly when Ellen came back, they were obliged to tell their kind friend all about what they were going to do, and also of the disagreement.

Miss Tupper took them all home to her house; she talked kindly to them, and at last they seemed to have almost forgotten their trouble, and joined in the games she arranged for them; and when eight o'clock came, the time for separating, they wondered very much how they could have been so happy after their great disappointment.

"Good-bye, dear children," said Miss Tupper; "you will come to-morrow with the other girls, and I hope we shall see Martha, and know what has caused this mistake."

After tea on Wednesday, Miss Tupper gave her scholars an interesting account of the workers she was going to join in India; and showed them pictures of the house she would live in, and the school. Games of different kinds were kept up till near leave-taking, then each girl was presented with a book, as a keepsake, and also two ornaments for their schoolrooms.

Teacher and pupils were just going to say good-bye for the last time, when a woman hastily entered, and asked to see Miss Tupper.

"Please, ma'am, will you come with me? my little girl is raving as if she would go mad. She says this is the last time she can see you; she begged me to bring you back at once."

Miss Tupper followed Mrs. Ryder—for she it was—into Martha's room. There lay the poor girl, in the greatest distress. She said she could not let her teacher leave without owning her fault, and asking whether she could be forgiven. She told how she had hidden the present, and run away to the fields to think over the disappointment the girls would have, and how well it would serve them right; but when she saw them coming home, talking so happily of the pleasant evening they had spent at Miss Tupper's house, she felt much more jealous and angry, because she had no satisfaction. They had not felt as she meant they should, and it seemed to her as if she had been the sufferer. She could not sleep all night, the bitter feeling of revenge was getting stronger and stronger. "They shall feel it," she said.

Next day her head burned; she felt sick, and was obliged to go to bed. While lying there, she thought how to-morrow Miss Tupper would be gone, and hot tears ran down her cheeks, the bad feelings grew weaker and weaker; but her trouble was increasing with the knowledge of her wrong-doing.

That evening, Miss Tupper did all she could to soothe her; and in the morning the girls called and gave their free forgiveness. Poor Martha did not feel herself on a happy equality with them for some time; but those who have truly forgiven, gradually forget, and in the course of time, no one remembered the affair but Martha herself; and she thanked God for the lesson.

M. E. W.